

The Historie of

O, the diuell take such coofeners, God forgiue me,
Good vncke tell your tale, I haue done.

Wor. Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
We will stay your leifure.

Hot. I haue done yfaith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottifh prifoners,
Deliuier them vp, without their ranfome ftrait,
And make the *Douglas* fonne your onely incane
For powers in *Scotland*, which for diuers reafons
Which I fhall fend you written, be affurde
Will eafely be granted you, my lord.
Your fonne in *Scotland* being thus employed,
Shall fecretly into the bofome creepe
Of that fame noble Prelate welbelu'd,
The Archbifhop.

Hot-fpurre Of *Yorke*, is it not?

Wor. True, who beares hard
His brothers death at *Briſtow* the lord *Scroope*:
I ſpeake not this in eſtimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and ſet downe,
And onely ſtays but to behold the face
Of that occaſion that ſhall bring it on.

Hot-fpurre I ſmell it. Vpon my life it will doe well.

Nor. Before the game is afoot, thou ſtill letſt ſlip.

Hot-fpurre Why it cannot chooſe but be a noble plot,
And then the power of *Scotland* and of *Yorke*,
To ioyne with *Mortimer*, ha.

Wor. And ſo they ſhall.

Hot-fpurre In faith it is exceedingly well aimed.

Wor. And tis no litle reaſon bids vs ſpeede,
To ſaue our heads, by raiſing of a head:
For, beare our felues as euen as we can,
The king will alwayes thinke him in our debt,
And thinke we thinke our felues vnſatiſfide,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And ſee already, how he doth beginne
To make vs ſtrangers to his lookes of loue.

Henry

Hot. He does, he does, wee

Wor. Coofish, farewell. No

Then I by letters ſhall direct y
When time is ripe, which will b
He ſteale to *Glendower*, and lo
Where you and *Douglas*, and d
As I will faſhion it, ſhall happil
To beare our fortunes in our o
Which now we hold at much v

Nor. Farewell good brother

Hot. Vncke adieu: O let the
Till fields, and *Blowes*, and gro

Enter a Carrier with a

1 *Car.* Heigh ho. An it be no
Charles waine is ouer the new
packt. What Oſtler.

Oſt. Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I prethee Tom, beat
point, poore iade is wrung in the

Enter another C

2 *Car.* Peaſe and beanes are
is the next way to giue poore iad
vpſide downe ſince *Robin Oſt*

1 *Car.* Poore fellow neuer io
it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I thinke this be the n
don roade for fleas, I am ſtung li

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by the
ſten could be better bit, then I ha

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow
leake in your chimney, and your
a loach.

1 *Car.* What Oſtler, come aw

2 *Car.* I haue a gammon of B
to be ſmoked as far as *Charing*

3 *Car.* Gods body, the Turk
ued: what Oſtler? a plague on the
head? canſt not heare, and c were